CONTENTS:—"OLD HYPOCRITE UNMASKED" AND "BETWEEN ERAS"

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Between Eras—From Capitalism to Democracy

A Criticism of Prof. Albion W. Small's New Book—and a Letter From Him.

EDITORIAL

In a handsome substantial volume* of more than four hundred pages, Prof. Albion W. Small, of the Sociological department of the University of Chicago, presents his later views upon the subject of labor and capital. The work is in the form of a series of conversations between a labor leader, a preacher, a corporation lawyer, the head of a large corporation, stockholders of the same, and various other people during a strike. A few supposedly public addresses are presented with much ability in suitable circumstances, and keen character sketches and sociological opinions are liberally thrown in by the author. A domestic tragedy, a white slave crime, and two tempting outline love stories add spice to the volume.

In some parts the style is breezy and interesting, sometimes appearing to imitate the right - up - to-the-minute, you-will-never-catch-me-napping movement of Thos. W. Lawson, and with all a trifle slangy for a book so serious; yet on the whole the work is too wordy, too polysyllabic, too ponderous for any but laborious students. One of our friends, a Phi Beta Kappa from Oberlin, who preens upon his knowledge of Latin and English, struggled through the first chapter, then wearily laid the book aside. Ye scribe read parts of that chapter twice to make sure that it was worth reading at all. It serves as an explanatory and would-be-humorous introduction—but the joke is on the reader. However, there are few parts so obscure; and, evidently more or less conscious of his guilt, Dr. Small permits his characters expressly to apologize in his stead for those parts. It is to be regretted that the author did not assume a more simple lucid style, capable of being appreciated by the many who now give attention to economics rather than merely by the few.

An Old Chestnut

Dr. Small again brings forth the old musty chestnut, which has been cracked so often and proven to be both rotten and wormy, that "there are so many varieties of Socialism advocated." **Not by those calling themselves Socialists.** The Socialist parties of all countries agree upon the four fundamental principles of Socialism — Economic Determinism (which brought the Avery Company to terms), the Exploitation of Surplus Value (which Dr. Small so clearly condemns), the Class Struggle (which his book so clearly recognizes), and Collectivism (which he ought to advocate). These matters are so generally and completely agreed upon by Socialists of all countries that the International Socialist Congress never discusses them at all.

If Socialism were the undecided mixture of disputed questions that some claim, why should Kings, capitalists and their retainers worry? **It is the well known fact that the Socialists of the world are agreed upon these tremendous revolutionary principles, that makes the movement grow in every country and throws such terror into the hearts of political and commercial grafters.**

Capitalism Condemned

Dr. Small's analysis of capitalism is fair, discriminating and revolutionary. Into the mouths of "hero," "leading lady," and all the more hopeful "understudies" he puts the fearless, uncompromising argument that **nature and labor are the sole sources of wealth, and that capital—and capitalists as such—are utterly non-productive and undeserving of any increase or reward.** This bold oft-repeated argument, coming from a man prominent in the great school so largely endowed by Rockefeller, is calculated to startle many conservative minds, and is doubtless intended as a solemn warning from one of their most devoted friends, who thus proves, even at his own risk, that he is also their loyal servant—if they are wise enough to heed his message.

The declarations of the book, repeated by different characters, concerning the non-productiveness of capital and capitalists, and the uselessness and parasitism of mere "owners" as a social factor, is in complete harmony with the most revolutionary Socialist position. Gently, yet firmly and persistently, the author presses the argument home, and wise are they of the capitalist class who catch the real meaning of his words:

"If more churches could shed their religious trappings and adopt an essentially religious policy towards the needs of everyday people, they would presently be alive with the very masses that now stand aloof."

"Men on the high places know that the individualistic interpretation of life breaks down in presence of the facts."

" 'Pure religion and undefiled' does not mean today 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.' That is now common decency. It is matter of course. We have outgrown that as an ideal. There is harder work for religion to do than that. **Pure religion means to take the next step toward realising the Kingdom of God on Earth. . . . Pure religion means to quit taking refuge behind social conventionalities that exempt our interests from submitting to re-examination of their title."**

"There was never in the world before such a demand for richer life, better secured, more widely distributed. It is not merely a demand for more fleshpots. It is also a cry for completer living. There is one way to satisfy this demand; and one only. **Lift life to the next higher moral plane. Accept life as a common enterprise.** Stop treating it as a handicap race. Retire your obsolete morality. Ratify the next clause in the constitution of the Kingdom of God, and you will presently begin to transform the waste of this half-civilized human struggle into the dividends of a loftier righteousness."

"The key to the social struggle in its present stage is the question:— Shall the social aim be to use men for the sake of capital, or to use capital for the sake of men?"

"Readjustment of social conditions is not violence of life, but the law of life."

"The world is rapidly rediscovering its superiority to its own wealth. For three hundred years we have been forgetting that wealth is for the sake of life, and following under the illusion that life is for the sake of wealth. . . . **The fight of labor against capital in corporate forms appears to be a fight of one group against another. In its deeper reaches it turns out to be a fight of laboring men for manhood in general, against the devouring power of capital. . . . One of these must enslave the other."**

"Our capitalist system reverses the destiny of humanity. It puts the last first and the first last. **The big thing for men to undertake, therefore, is the subjugation of capital. We must redeem our machinery and run it wholly in the interests of the people."**

Among the most fascinating chapters in the book are the confession of Mr. Kissinger, the grilling quiz of President Lyon by Hester, the interview between Logan Lyon and Graham—particularly in the parts where they discuss "The Illusions of Capitalism" (as to its productivity and rights), "The Fallacy of Distribution," and "The Superstition of Property." "The Pillars of Society" is very illuminating, truly humorous and dangerously sarcastic.

Owing to Dr. Small's method of mixing his reasoning with interruptive arguments, wise or otherwise, between various characters, and allowing large play for repartee, it is difficult in limited space to report verbatim his most discriminating and telling conclusions. The speeches of Graham, Edgerly and Randall pan out rich material, and the informal interview between the heroine heiress and her Uncle David, head of the "Avery Company," yields valuable matter:

Hester Finds a Parasite

"Did it ever occur to you, Uncle David, that labor troubles will be stopped when you can eliminate me?"

He kept well under cover with the answer, "I had not heard that you had been mixed up with labor troubles, Hester."

"Then possibly I'm the clue to a comedy of errors," extemporized Hester, while she was trying to adapt her questions to this unpremeditated version. "I've been doing a lot of thinking lately, and I have decided that I am the wicked partner. You may entirely new view of the strike when you find out at I am the real grievance."

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*BETWEEN ERAS FROM CAPITALISM TO DEMOCRACY, by Albion W. Small, the Intercollegiate Press, Kansas City, Mo. Price, $2.75.

To be less enigmatic she took a new start: "I wish you would explain to me, Uncle David, how anybody gets a right to an income from the Avery Company."

"Why, Hester, by earning it in some way or other." Mr. Lyon had a feeling that this was escaping from the absurd to the axiomatic.

"That is my idea, too, Uncle David," and Hester was sure she could make use of the admission; "but can you help me find out what I have done to earn my dividends?"

"You have a right to your dividends by inheritance."

"Yes, Uncle David, I know those words by rote," pursued Hester, "but they seem to me merely a way of hushing up the difficulty. If the way to get an income is to earn it, what right has anyone to invent such a device as inheritance, which makes it possible for some people to get an income without earning it?"

"If you push the matter as far as that," and Mr. Lyon made a long pause before finishing his sentence, his deliberateness plainly showing that he was not quite ready with an answer; "a complete explanation would take us pretty deep into technicalities. In a word, though, your capital earns it."

"If you won't mind the technicalities, Uncle David," Hester insisted, "I should like to make an effort with them. When you say 'capital earns it' you seem to me merely to be putting the mystery in other words, instead of explaining it."

"You say capital earns this output. That doesn't mean anything to me. Suppose the capital which you and Papa had earned were already in the different forms which your labor could make useful—a part of it in money, part in provisions, part in stone, lumber, steel, machinery and so on. Now if that capital were left to itself, with no human labor applied to it, not only would no new capital be produced by it, but in a very short time some of it would begin to lose its own value, and it would not take long for quite a portion of it to disappear altogether. That was what I meant when I said that I had never found a case of capital adding a cent's worth to itself, except as a result of human labor."

"Why certainly, my dear," Mr. Lyon responded encouragingly, "if it will help you out of your difficulties, I am quite ready to acknowledge that you are right in a way. If we leave out natural increase of plants and animals, which I believe the economists put under the head of 'land' or 'nature' rather than capital, there is no such thing as increase of capital in the strict sense except by exertion of human effort. In that sense of course all wealth is the reward of human labor."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Uncle David, because it will help me a good deal about the next point that troubles me. Perhaps I shall find that what you really think is not so different from my ideas as I supposed. The next thing that I am curious about is this. When you and Papa worked with your capital in starting the Avery Company, you earned your profits as the reward of your labor, just as the other men earned their salaries and their wages. It might be put in that way, might it not?"

"Certainly, Hester," assented Mr. Lyon, rather relieved by the evidence that his ward was not infected by the delusion that the capitalist is not worthy of his hire.

"So far all is plain then," continued Hester, with temporarily concealed consciousness that the colloquy was approaching a crisis. "But a great blank comes to my mind, Uncle David, when I try to understand how my father earned any thing any longer, when he retired from the business and became a stockholder."

"Why, my child, his capital was still earning for him."

"But, Uncle David," urged Hester demurely, "I thought we agreed just now that human effort does the earning, not capital."

"Precisely!" insisted Mr. Lyon, without a misgiving that he was contradicting himself. "The effort that your father exerted in creating that capital goes on working in the capital, whether he works with it or not."

"But suppose every one else in the business stopped working at the same time," persisted Hester, "how would Papa's effort show itself? Would his capital continue to increase because he created it by work?"

"Perhaps it will help you understand the matter," he resumed, "if you look at it in this way. Your ther worked a certain number of years and saved a certain amount out of his earnings. Now would it not be a very strange and unjust state of affairs, if he could not use those savings in any way he pleased? Would not that be equivalent to denying him his right to the reward of his labor?"

"I should think so, of course," assented Hester, again with an eagerness which encouraged Mr. Lyon to hope that he had found the right clue, "but if I see what you mean, it simply implies the answer that I can't understand to the other question. Let me suppose a sum that is not large enough to confuse my mind. Suppose Papa had saved a thousand dollars. Now it seems to me natural that he should have a choice between two ways of enjoying his rights to his earnings. He could either spend the money on things that he wanted, or he could work with it as capital, and earn more with it. Whenever he cared to stop working, he would have a right to live on what he had saved, or he could keep on working and use up all he earned from year to year, without taking anything out of his capital. But whenever he preferred to stop working entirely, the only right left him would be the enjoyment of his savings. My difficulty is to see how he has any right to eat his cake and save it too."

"But, my dear child," exclaimed Mr. Lyon, "investing his money is one of the ways of getting the benefit of it."

"My trouble," continued Hester, regardless of her guardian's apparent opinion that there was no further room for doubt, "is that investing the money turns out to be a way of getting the benefit of it and a good deal more. It looks to me as if investing the money is simply one way of saving it, and it would end with that if artificial contrivances had not been invented. If Papa wanted to escape working with his money for the rest of his life, he had the choice between hiding it somewhere or leaving it in the hands of people who would work with it and give him security for its return. If he had hidden it, he could have drawn from it whenever he pleased till it was all gone, but he surely could not have used more than he hoarded. When he puts it in the hands of workers, he does no more himself than if he had buried the capital in the ground. But the protection which the laws give makes the workers really insure the money so that it is safer than it would be if it were buried."

"The idea that capital itself earns anything is a delusive rhetorical expression. The earning is all done by the people who do the different kinds of work with the capital. If the people who own capital do not need to consume it, and do not want to work with it themselves, it is merely good citizenship for them to save it in the most useful way, by allowing other people to work with it. It seems to me that, without knowing it, they are only good citizens for a bonus if they claim pay in the form of unearned profits for doing what it is to their own advantage as well as other people's that they should do anyway. The idea has been growing upon me that the people who make this something-for-nothing demand on their fellow citizens create the social problem."

"Suppose we have accounted for Papa. I am unable to see how that justifies me. Suppose it was true that my father was entitled to his profits for life because his labor and his capital earned them. But, giving myself the most liberal interpretation I can think of, the only work I have ever done was as Papa's companion for a few years, after he had spend several times as many years as my preceptor. Then it might be said that, for a few months, I was his untrained nurse. If I had saved all the wages earned in that way at usual rates, the whole would amount to much less than my present income every month; while girls of my age who are skilled workers in their trades can never earn a fraction of my income. Do you really expect me to believe that you justify such a contrast by saying that property is sacred? It seems to me that justice is more sacred than property. As I understand it, the system of arrangements which the word property really means is a collection of attempts to do jusitce; but if we find that these arrangements fail to do justice, then they look to me no longer sacred but stupid."

"If I am repeating the same thing, Uncle David, it is because I am trying to find the plainest words for my idea. Let me tell it this way: A great many kinds of people must work together to create a business. Some of them contribute unskilled labor of their hands; some of them skilled labor of their hands; some labor of their brains, some, like you and Papa, not only labor of hand and brain, but special supervision and wise judgment, without which all the rest of the work might be unsuccessful; but still other people have helped by putting into the hands of these workers some of their wealth to be changed into new forms of wealth. Is it not plain truth that all these kinds of contribution were necessary to make the business? Could it have been created by one kind alone? Up to the paying stage, had there not been a necessary partnership of all the makers of the business? But what happens after the business is made? Do the persons who have contributed work only, either of hand or brain, retain their rating as partners? Are they not mere hired help? Those who are supposed to have contributed wealth, with or without work besides, are now the only partners, are they not? They own the business. They are the business. After the hired workers have received their pay and the other costs are covered, these contributors of capital claim all the output that is left, with all the added value that comes from many sources outside the business. If the business turns out to be as prosperous as the Avery Company, every ten years or so, although these partners have collected from the business every year a high rate of interest, they divide among themselves a surplus equal to the whole amount of their previous principle. None of the other partners, except these controllers of the preferred favor of capital, have any voice or share in this distribution, but why should one class of partners in its production be entitled to dispose of it and not all the others?"

"It seems to me as plain as the lawn and trees and lake before our eyes that we should make the world better if we were willing to accept the consequences of some very simple facts. **Is it not clear that life is just people learning how to live together so as to help out one another most in turning nature to their uses? Are not people and nature the only real factors in the problem? When we have worked together long enough to have government and laws and beliefs and business, are any new factors really concerned? Is it not an illusion if we imagine that these variations are anything more than combinations of the work of nature and of people? Can any business possibly be an exception of this rule? Is not a business merely means that nature affords, fitted by some people's work to finish their share of the exchanges by which all the people in the world satisfy their wants?** Is there any sanction in unspoiled reason for excluding from a business some of the persons who have created it, and giving their places to this upstart fictitious person, Capital? **Have not the people who put their lives into the business made themselves more a part of it than those who merely put in their money?** Can a system built on the contrary assumption be anything but an accumulation of accidents? Is it not a complete inversion of values, a jugglery of greedy force, a conspiracy to consecrate wrong, if we try to perpetuate this structure of fiction in the place of nature?"

A Wage Slave Revolts

When Mr. Kissinger, one of Dr. Small's most interesting characters, fully awakes to the evils of capitalism, refuses to issue the order evicting the strikers from their homes, and decides to leave the capitalist company and join the labor movement, he says to the corporation attorney:

"There is no place for me in business until the whole system is revolutionized. To put it bluntly, I am just admitting to myself that I have been a slave for years, but it was a slavery to a regime that I saw no way to change. It gave me as good a living as I deserved, but it denied my right to a man's share of influence on the business in which he earns his living. I should probably have been the patient ox to the end, if the system had not laid on me the last straw in the shape of its order to be its agent in evicting that colony of my fellow slaves. I know some of those men who have worked in the shops as long as I have been in the office. Their work has been as necessary in its way to the prosperity of the company as yours or your father's. It is simply legalized fist-right that gives the company power to send them into exile. They have a moral equity in their homes and in their jobs which has as clear a claim at the bar of social justice as the company's legal equity in any dollar of its property. By the law's decree the company has an arbitrary ex-parte power over some of the moral rights of its help. It is as wicked to use that power to separate those men from their homes and their work, which they have made part of themselves, as it would be to banish them from their wives and children. **I shall not be a man until I am free to work for all I am worth against a system that tolerates such inhumanity. I want liberty to count for what is in me toward vindicating the principle that all workers are part-**

ness. I don't know whether American business men are fools or hypocrites when they get hot at the Czar for not letting the Russians have a hand in their own politics, and in the next breath get hotter at Americans for wanting a hand in their own business. **Politics is only the packing case of business anyway.** Why are rights to handle the boxings and burlaps worth bothering about if there is no right to the goods inside? **The claim of every man who works, to share in the ownership and control of his work, rests at last on the same ground as the claim of every man who helps maintain the laws to a share in making and enforcing the laws. Democracy in government is only a blind unless it is carried out to the logical result to democracy in business.** You might just as well attempt to divide the management of transportation between a democracy for roadbeds and an oligarchy for rolling stock. **There is no stopping place for democracy till every full grown man has a man's full share in managing all the world's arrangements that touch his interests.** The only power that one man can have at last over another man in a democracy is the power either of the expert or of the official. In either case, society's judgment of its own welfare, not the individual's self-interest, must make the rules to govern expert or official in the use of his position. **Democracy is an insult to human intelligence unless it means progressive elimination of all arbitrary power of one man over another.** Our present system of property is an artificial invention that delivers the many into the hands of the few. **A righteous system of property will rest on work only, and one kind of work will create as valid a claim as another to stock in the world's opportunities.** Our present business principles assume that we have gone as far as we can toward securing human rights. As a matter of fact, **the world never possessed an absolutely infallible automatic consumer of human rights until it invented capitalism.** Our capitalistic system is a siphon that sucks up men's rights by a law of accelerated motion. Simply give it time and let it alone and it would end before very long in having every cubic inch of land, sea and sky bonded to a clique of financiers, and then the terms under which the rest of the human race might be permitted to stay on earth could be dictated in the license granted at their own price by the syndicate. Because human wills in the last resort are stronger than habits, and sentiments, and logic and laws, this thing won't work out. Men will stand it up to some limit that no one can predict. Then they will rebel. Whether they have a theory thought through by that time to expose the fallacy of this capitalistic program or not, **they will some day rise up in their might and declare that the earth shall belong to men, and capital shall be reduced to its place in the ranks of tools.** For years these things have been brooding in my mind with no prospect of anything practical hatching from them. I see now where I can keep on earning a living, and at the same time make my work count toward the future freedom, instead of forging more links in the chain of slavery. It's a sorry figure one cuts at best, obliged to confess that one has lived nearly half a century without ever daring to be quite one's self. **The other side of it is that most of the human race are not yet far enough along to suspect their humiliation.. It is something to arrive at the feeling that one has a soul and that it has a right to assert itself.** For me the Avery Company means the wrong side of the irrepressible conflict between capitalism and democracy. I should like nothing better than to work with the men in the company, if they could transfer their allegiance to the human side. As that is out of the question, I shall get my first taste of real freedom when I am fully enlisted in the other camp."

"The real question is, how long will the artificial arrangements be able to stave off the inevitable readjustment? How long will it take for that interest to claim its own, and to retire all the accidental hindrances to its satisfaction? Unless we go back to physical interests, that men have in common with other animals, I can think of no more universal human interest than every man's desire to be his own master; the wish to be independent of the dictation of any other human being."

"Judged not by the laws, which are our present best stagger toward a square deal, but by the whole of the human process that is gradually showing us what the laws ought to be, **no group of men can have a right to own any business in such a way that they have power to dispose at will of the lives and fortunes of other men who are operating partners in the same business.** We have no doubt that minority stockholders have property rights which the majority must respect. Our laws recognize the principle and protect the rights. There are sound reasons why they should. **We shall some day see that there are equally sound reasons for the principle that investing labor in a business is just as good for property rights in the business as investing capital."**

"The main question between classes today is not in the first instance a matter of ways and means. **It is the question whether they will line up for or against the principle that all laborers are partners.** We are using fictions for the foundations of society till that principle is fully accepted. After it has won its way the applications will follow. **Men will not stop fighting for real justice and real democracy till each one's investment of labor for the common weal fixes his rights of suffrage and his rights of property."**

A Futile Plan

The analysis of capitalism presented by Prof. Small is so searching, relentless, revolutionary and convincing that it delights the soul of the radical, sheds much light upon the path of the progressive, and even shoots piercing painful rays upon the blinking eyes of the alarmed conservative. And what do you suppose the Professor's remedy is?—To soften the heart of the hungry wolf until it pities and spares the lamb, to convert the greedy soul of the commercial usurper, grafter and tyrant so that he will deal justly and even mercifully with his victims, to reform the bloody Russian despotism of capitalism from the top down; in other words, **to get consent of the capitalists for the wage earners to have a member on the board of directors and a pro rata share in the profits of the business; thus forming a new partnership for the exploitation of the rest of mankind!**

This anti-climax, clearly foreshadowed through the book, is sickening—unless one takes the more cheerful view that Dr. Small, knowing that he had spoken much truth calculated to shock his conservative readers all they were able to bear at once, decided to spare their quivering hearts by proposing a solution of the problem so futile as to quiet their fears and disarm their choler for a time.

"Oh, well," I hear his capitalist friends say, "his arraignment of capitalism will interfere with us but little so long as we hold the power to decide what changes shall be made. A few soft heads may consent to admit workmen to their boards of control, but the most of us will not."

Thus we see illustrated the Professor's own words:

"Vested interest is vested prejudice; but where prejudice is law, truth is an outlaw."

"No dominant interest has ever permitted investigation which questioned the righteousness of its dominion."

"But you don't get ahead arguing with an iceberg. It's only a question of how long it will take it to melt."

Exactly. If we have to wait until the rich men "reform" and adopt "profit sharing" and "pro rata control," and until that lop-sided plan works justice out of robbery, our faith may well grow dim. **But the gulf stream of working class enlightenment and organization is rolling against the iceberg of capitalism and by and by it will dissolve into the sea of redeemed humanity and there will be no master class and no slaves—only one brotherhood of productive workers with not an exploiter among them.** That would be "democracy," but the benevolent minor partnership proposed for workmen by Dr. Small would be but little nearer to democracy than we are now. Such plans are always proposed by the friends of capitalism as an offset to Socialism, as witness the present situation in France.

It must be admitted that in his romance the Avery Company is forced by the strike and by a rival concern to yield, nevertheless the appeal of the book is to the rich to "be good."

The Real Remedy

Under a true democracy the people are absolutely masters, they are "the whole thing," not small shareholders and subordinate partners to a few masters or rulers, who control by virtue of their larger capital. **Democracy does not ask consent. It claims its rights and exercises its powers. It can never be set up by a master class, by "benevolence," by the "self-sacrifice" of the mighty, by any force except the people's enlightened will.** And it c never operate sincerely or successfully u equality of opportunity and equality control — barring mere personal influence have banished all vested rights and industr and political inequality. The people must ov collectively the means of life. Socialism is necessary and inevitable.

It is probable that Dr. Small well understands this to be true, and possibly his tentative remedy is but an argumentive makeshift, a buffer to dull the shock of his main assault on capitalism until his readers have had the opportunity to follow his invincible argument against capitalism to the logical conclusion far beyond the one-sided, insufficient plan proposed.

The social revolution can never be tamed and taught to work in harness for the benefit of the capitalist class, who, as Ruskin said, will consent to do anything for the poor "except get off their backs." And they will never get off till they are dumped off. But seeing that the too-long patient people, like a weary sore-backed mule, are getting restive and rebellious, the pious gentlemen who ride are at last willing to "make a virtue of necessity" and "allow" the workers a little oil for their bruised and aching backs. Unfortunately for these benevolent pillagers of the people's wealth, the outrage has proceeded too far; their pitiful palliatives have arrived too late.

To adopt profit sharing and pro rata control of the various companies engaged in production, manufacture and distribution could not banish the evils of competitive business, remove the problem of the unemployed, nor banish poverty from the submerged third. These proposed paternal or fraternal companies would still be compelled to exploit the people and rival other companies for profit in order to succeed.

Collective ownership of the means of producing and distributing wealth—Socialism—would stop the wasteful competition, furnish employment to all, give to each the full social value of his product, and end forever the subjugation of the workers. To advocate any other remedy delays, but can never prevent social salvation through collective ownership.

We do not deny that a few capitalists are capable of seeing the truth about capitalism, and feeling a sense of outraged justice in behalf of the working class; but "not many mighty, not many 'noble' men are called." There is absolutely no hope from them or for them as a class. However, the stirring words of a sociological master like Dr. Small will do much toward arousing the scholars and students of America, and his words may be quoted with profound effectiveness by the most fearless teachers of the needed revolution. And we, therefore, hail Prof. Small as a genuine prophet and soldier of the common good. His book should be read by all who care for human progress, even by the most confirmed Socialists. The revelation of what is taking place among the aristocrats of wealth and scholarship, the new light thrown on social problems among "the better classes," and the sterling, scathing, far-reaching rebuke to the "masters of the bread," will prove largely helpful to the cause of humanity.—E. E. C.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
The Graduate School of Arts and Literature
Office of the Dean

June 21, 1913.

Reverend Edward Ellis Carr,
5457 Drexel Avenue,
Chicago.

My Dear Sir:

A copy of the **Christian Socialist** for July 1 has just reached me. I merely want to say that the young man who turned in to the Chicago Daily News the story about my economic opinions had, in the first place never heard one of my lectures, and in the second place he had never seen a copy of the book to which he referred, and in the third place, he tried to interview me when I was on my way to a train and I told him I could not possibly say anything about my views which would be of any value to any one in the short time at my disposal.

Thereupon, he spun out of his own brain the story ich the News published. I am certainly not as ny kinds of a fool as that article made me seem.

Sincerely,
(Signed) ALBION W. SMALL,
Dean.

Presumably the denial in the above letter fers chiefly to the report that the author intimated he was "the first modern thinker to oppose interest." Aside from this, after reading the book, we do not see wherein the Daily News reporter did the author an injustice. We understand the gist of the book to be approximately what the News reporter said, as reprinted in our last issue.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The name Small is becoming Great. Dr. Small has large influence for good already. May his wisdom, courage and power increase.

A peculiar coincidence: just as Dr. Small's new book "Between Eras" came out picturing a strike against the fictitious "Avery Company," a bitter strike actually broke out against the Avery Company, a large concern at Peoria, Illinois, because it refused recognition to the union. A particularly good chance for the trial of Dr. Small's taming remedy upon the fevered beast of Capitalism.

THE FRENCH BEAT DR. SMALL

From the following editorial in the Chicago Tribune it would seem that the French government is trying to force upon the business men of that country an "antidote" for Socialism similar to what Dr. Small proposes for American capitalists. The fun of that sort of thing from the viewpoint of Socialists is that such attempts at "domesticating Socialism" always cause the "animile" to grow faster and his natural insurgency to break out in new ways. Witness Bismarck's attempts to "domesticate Socialism" in Germany. You can never kill a lion by feeding him fresh meat. The Socialists devour all concessions, grow stronger and roar louder than ever for more. They will never cease till they have devoured the whole capitalist system; for the Socialist movement is the lion of the Lord destined to break every chain.

DOMESTICATING SOCIALISM

One hardly expects governments to pilot revolutions. Yet this is what is happening in France. The government of that country is about to declare itself sponsor for certain legislation which, if carried out, will usher in a bloodless revolution whose effects may be worldwide.

The working masses of France are at present passing through one of their periodic spells of restlessness. The French government does not relish a general strike—and strikes in France, where the leaders of the working masses are syndicalists and Socialists, are always general strikes. So the French government, under the spur of Briand, Millerand, Viviani and Ribot, all of whom have graduated, so to speak, from the ranks of Socialism, has decided to introduce a number of labor bills designed to appeal to the working masses and to take the wind out of the sails of the Socialists.

Chief among these labor measures is a bill which puts all private concerns and industries on a sort of co-operative basis by making it possible for the workers in that industry to become shareholders in the company. Employes will be paid dividends on their shares the same as the employers are. Of equal importance is another measure which provides that the Bank of France grant $400,000 of the state's money for the purpose of financing private labor enterprises, just as the government now extends financial aid to agricultural development. If it means anything, this provision means that if a group of bakers, for instance, decide to dispense with their employer and open a co-operative bakeshop of their own, the government will aid them financially in their undertaking and will put its stamp of approval upon it.

Now these two measures, the establishing of "labor shares," which would make the workmen minor partners in the factory they are employed in, and the backing by the government of private labor enterprises, may seem to the French government to be a sort of antidote for Socialism, which it is evidently trying to combat. But this is just what these measures are not. By the adoption of such measures the government may avert a labor upheaval, but it is at the same time creating a revolution of vaster importance. It turns existing conceptions of the relationship of capital and labor upside down.

The French government may think that it has outwitted the Socialists of that country by these radical measures. But it has not. It is not combating socialism, but domesticating it. It is fighting the specter of Socialism with Socialism.

The Difference: The "cooing" stops with the honeymoon, the "billing" goes on forever.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Old Hypocrite Unmasked

The Foul Hand of Business Caught Polluting the Politics of the Nation

Biggest Newspaper Story of a Generation Arouses the People—Colonel Mullhall's Confesion Exposes Wholesale Graft and Treason By Business and Statesmen—What Sane Citizen Should Do

What did you suppose the National Association of Manufacturers was financed and organized for?

The exposure by Colonel Mulhall of the "invisible government" of the United States does not surprise the labor leaders, the well-read Socialists, nor the more wide-awake progressives. They knew all the time that the N. A. M. was not a mere social club for the amusement of its members.

President Wilson also knew this and when he found a subtle and powerful influence at work in both Senate and House causing Democrats who were pledged to tariff and currency reform to line up against these measures he attacked the "insidious lobby" and forced a Congressional investigation.

Meanwhile the government detectives were working, and when Col. Mulhall, one of the N. A. M. agents, was ordered to appear before the Congressional Committee, he, sick of the job and fearful of being made a scape-goat if he attempted to conceal the real nature of his relations with the N. A. M. and their congressmen, decided to make a clean breast of it. And having determined upon the exposure before the Congressional Committee, being a shifty person trained in the ways of capitalism, he decided to clear a few years salary by selling the "story" to the New York World and the Chicago Tribune for $20,000.00.

When these two papers sprung the big "story" upon the public, naming Congressmen, Senators, Judges, Legislators and others as being under the control of the N. A. M., and producing a barrel of letters to prove their guilt, a tremendous sensation was created all over the nation.

Of course the accused officials deny their guilt, which has no force with thoughtful people; for if they were innocent they would naturally deny their guilt with hot indignation, and if they were guilty they would feel compelled to assert their innocence in the most plausible manner possible in the circumstances.

This bombshell has fully convinced the public that President Wilson was correct about the "insidious lobby," and it forces Congress to carry on a more drastic and thorough investigation than was formerly intended.

Our readers are doubtless already so familiar with Colonel Mulhall's exposure as it has been published in the daily and weekly press that we need not repeat the details here. But we may draw a few lessons from this most startling exposure of recent years.

Competitive Business Corrupt

Corruption inheres in business for profit. Competitive methods of acquiring wealth degrade the morals of a nation. **The social evils of our time come not from the cesspool of politics, but from the sewer of business which supplies the filth for "the dirty pool of politics."** Politics is not corrupt in itself, and there is nothing inherent in politics to corrupt it.

But whenever a city councilman, legislator, congressman, judge, or president, sells his vote or influence and betrays his constituency by supporting a franchise or law the people do not want, or against a law the people do want, there is always a business man or a business syndicate on hand to pay the boodle money down.

The "business men" can afford to pay a lobby and bribe public officials to betray the people, because the franchise grab or evil law thus secured and the "protection" thus obtained enable them to "make" a thousand dollars or millions of dollars for every hundred dollars spent.

It is the business of business men to corrupt politics. They have been robbing men, women and children so cruelly and unscrupulously for so long that to "influence legislation" in their own interests—and "it is money that talks"—seems to them quite the proper thing. Thus the "invisible government" rules every city of consequence, every state in the nation, and has controlled every national congress but one for thirty-five or forty years. "The Big Stick" partly overcame its power once, and now President Wilson has begun "kickin' the dog around." Possibly he may rescue some of his reform measures from the foul hands of the corrupting "lobby," perhaps not.

Conditions Not New

Senator LaFollette has declared in many a public speech that the city council of every municipality of 5,000 or more inhabitants, every state legislature, and every congress for thirty years has **misrepresented** its constituency; that **business syndicates for the purpose of grabbing franchises, carrying graft laws and defeating good laws have controlled cities, states and nation by bribery.** It has been so most of the time for ages.

The National Association of Manufacturers is but a new growth of this ancient monster. **It is a boodle trust, a reduction of bribery and "influence" to a nationwide "system" under a central management in order to accomplish the foul works more successfully and economically.**

Of course the "wealthy and respectable" gentlemen who control the N. A. M. are scoundrels and traitors, and should be punished severely for their crimes, yet their kind of work is natural and inevitable under capitalism.

The whole capitalist system of doing business for profit is itself a deception of the people and a crime of wholesale robbery, treason to just government, murder of the people by poisoned foods and needless industrial accidents, and ruin of the minds, souls and bodies of men, women and children. And such criminality will never cease under "representative" government—we must have full direct legislation; not under the profit system—we must produce for use and not for profit before industrial, commercial and political crimes will cease.

Neither tariff reform nor new currency bills will kill graft, treason and poverty.

But this far-reaching and shocking exposure will cure many people of depending upon "a business men's administration"—the most corrupt ever, and on misrepresentative government. Congress, legislatures and city councils, bribed by business men, refuse to give us the laws we desire. Let us have direct legislation so that we can make the laws ourselves.

The biggest fools are those who, after all demonstrations to the contrary, still have confidence in "business men" and "statesmen"—the two thieves between whom humanity is being crucified. Only political and industrial democracy can save us. Vote for Socialism.

PRESIDENT WILSON ACCUSED

Certain irate senators are accusing President Wilson of "lobbying" because he withholds political patronage trying to whip the unfaithful senators and representatives into line to fulfil their party pledges. These "honorable men" can not see the difference between a President of the U. S. elected on certain party pledges using his power to get congressmen to redeem their pledges to the people and the secret machinations of greedy business men to bribe public officials to betray their pledges to the people.

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POVERTY AND RICHES EACH A CURSE

Rev. M. J. Magor, pastor of the McCabe Memorial M. E. Church, Chicago, in a series of sermons contended that a man can not be a Christian on $1.00 per day, nor can a man be a Christian on $1,000 per day. Rev. Magor says: "The individual can not be saved until the entire man is saved, and you can not save the entire man until he can live under conditions that give him a chance to feed his body, mind and heart." He advocated the minimum wage, old age pensions, etc.

A lobbyist is a wise old owl who is helpless when some one turns on the light.—Chicago Examiner.

SIGNS OF MUCK

President Taft, named in the Mulhall exposure as one under "influence" of the N. A. M., declares the story is merely another case of "muckraking." Oh, my disgusted nostrils, a "rake" without much rotten muck could never produce a stench like this! The nation needs fumigation and revolutionary cleansing.

CHICAGO GRAFT-RIDDEN

Alderman Chas. E. Merriam states that "Graft, politics and public utility corporations have made Chicago and other American cities the most expensive and least efficient in the world." Just plain stealing, that's all. Let the people own the public utilities and run them as they do in European cities.

QUIT STEALING

The Chicago Examiner urges increasing the public debt of Chicago by issuing bonds for needed public improvements. Is this in the interest of the Hearst-Harrison political machine, or for the benefit of the people?

If the capitalistic misrepresentatives of the people would stop stealing the millions the people already pay in taxes and make the rich tax dodgers shell out there would be plenty of money for public improvements.—Selah.

WRITE US ABOUT THIS

While considering the best plan for making the **Christian Socialist** a permanent success and for reaching, in the long run, the largest number of people in the most helpful manner, especially church members, ministers and teachers, some have suggested a cheaper paper on very poor stock, published monthly, to sell at 50c per year and 25c in clubs. We might possibly make the paper succeed as a monthly with 8 pages on book paper, such as we use now, at 50c and 25c. Perhaps an 8-page paper is too small for a monthly, as we would be com-

(Continued on page 8)

A PARADISE OF GRAFTERS

Governor Sulzer Shows How New York State is Being Run By and For Boodlers

A Warning to People of Other States and Cities

William Sulzer, Governor of New York, is furnishing a revelation of wholesale graft in the "business men's government" of that state which well-nigh equals the exposure of the N. A. M. by Col. Mulhall. In a series of five fearless and blistering articles he is giving the press of the country an account of how New York State has been run by former Democratic and Republican officials. He says:

> When I took office as governor of the state last January, on the very first day, my attention was abruptly called to the fact that during the year just ended there had been spent in the state $34,000,000 without a single audit.
>
> On the second day that I was in office a messenger presented to me bills amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, pointing out to me where I was to sign my name. If I had attached my name to those bills they would have been immediately paid, and yet the messenger thought that he was telling me nothing unusual when he said that other governors had signed bills that way, and that one governor had left a rubber stamp outside his office with the messenger, so that he would not be bothered.
>
> "Leave those bills there," I said, "and I'll look into them. The rubber stamp period is over."
>
> Within a week I found that there was not only carelessness and waste in the handling of the people's money, but there was theft, theft of the boldest kind. In the very halls of the capitol itself we found the state being robbed, with almost no attempt being made to cover up the crime or the criminals.
>
> Men were being paid for doing a hundred days' work in a month, some men for doing twenty-four hours' work a day. The cheapest material was furnished to the state at the highest prices, padded pay rolls were as common as flies in August, and here and there and everywhere was graft, graft, graft.

The governor then proceeds to tell how millions of dollars of public money was stolen each year in connection with public highways, the graft in some places amounting to five thousand dollars per mile; how the building of a new penitentiary was attended by diabolical graft and disregard for the health of keepers and inmates; how prisoners were neglected and mistreated till they became insane; how many men were listed for large wages and salaries on state work and paid who never worked at all; how many were paid for 100 days' work per month without doing any, and some credited with twenty-four hours time per day at overtime rates; how $2,000 would be paid for two hours' work; how two companies were being paid for one job, each at exorbitant figures; how contracts of every kind were let to the highest bidders who furnished poor material and inferior work, while charging far more than the best would have cost; and how "fifty-fifty" is the way the grafters figure, the "business men" who are "doing" the state have to pay half their stolen profits back to the crooked politicians for their privileges of loot.

The whole story is utterly sickening, yet a similar story might truthfully be told of the boodle government of many states and of nearly every large city in our land.

The age of graft has come to bloom. The world never saw the like before. But the deadly fumes of the poison flower are beginning to alarm all people. And the graft system—the dishonest system of doing all work, all business and all people "for revenue only"—shall give way to co-operative ownership and direct legislation.

"Representative government" has been a fraud from the start. It is nearing its doom. Away with it, and let us have a real industrial and political democracy.

Study Socialism. It is "the only way"—"God's way out of the wilderness," as Frances E. Williard said.

Price for the Summer Unchanged

Here Is Your Chance To Do Some Grand Work For the Cause, Your Community and This Paper

In order to encourage every live comrade who cares for the cause of Socialism, who desires to win his community to Socialism and who wishes to help the **Christian Socialist** fight the battles of the working class among the religious millions of America, and also to prevent a disastrous summer slump in our subscription list, we have decided to continue the old prices during the hot weather, and to make a few special offers.

1. All single new subscriptions and all renewals will yet be accepted at 60c each for the year. After October first all renewals and single new subs will be $1.00 each.
2. If you send one renewal and one new sub., or two new subs., or a renewal for two years, either of the two will be $1.00. After October first three new subs. for $2.00 will be the best we can do for so few.
3. And, to encourage you to hustle a little in a manner worth while for the cause this summer you may have as many new subs. as you wish for 50c each, **provided you send two or more.** And you may renew for as many years as you please (for the C. S. will live and grow) at 50c per year, **provided you renew for two years or more before October first.** (Here is a chance for every loyal reader to loan us a little money on subscription to remove the debt and enable us to do better work. Your risk is too small to consider. Send us $2.00, $3.00, $5.00 or $10.00 on this plan.)

Comrade, DO A LITTLE WARM WORK for Socialism during the hot weather, and for the life of the **Christian Socialist.** Begin today—surely begin this week.

While we suffer extreme poverty and struggle for the cause this summer, please spend a little of your time on the firing line for new subs. and for renewals.

THE LIFE, GROWTH AND POWER OF THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST DEPEND ON YOUR EFFORTS NOW. Without YOU we can do nothing.

FRONT PORCH CAMPAIGN

Do you see that man sitting on his front porch in his shirt sleeves? Well, we want his subscription to the **Christian Socialist.** Go and get it.

Now is the time to find out what a lot of good neighbors you have that you have never really got acquainted with. Take a walk across the lawns these warm summer evenings, and introduce the **Christian Socialist.** You can talk Socialism in hot weather if you keep cool about it. Why should we have a summer slump? **Send in the subs.**

The **CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST** has a field all its own and various recent political events have greatly hastened the harvest. With your co-operation, comrades, during the next few months we will be able to enter this field with better equipment, enlarge the paper, strengthen its editorial force, and in various ways increase the efficiency of the **CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST.**

The Christian Socialist, one year	.60
The International Socialist Review,	$1.00
Total	$1.60
Both for	1.10

My Impressions of Florida and Ruskin

By EDWARD ELLIS CARR

"Last, but not least."—Old Saw.

"The first shall be last, and the last shall be first."—Bible.

Florida was the last land of the United States to emerge from the ocean and the first to be discovered by Europeans; the first to be discovered and "settled" and the last to be generally peopled and developed. So far out of the way and apparently so worthless, it was neglected by railroad and other capitalist companies until the other states were exploited. Discovered at last by "the idle rich" and the healthseekers fleeing from the Northern cold in winter, it bids fair to become a state of first consequence in the nation.

It has been my privilege to see a considerable part of Florida during two extensive trips through that state. Travelling from Jacksonville to Tampa on different occasions; from Tampa to St. Petersburg, Lakeland, Bartow, Ft. Meade, Ft. Ogden, Ft. Myers on the west coast; up the Caloosahatchee River to Lake Okeechobee and down the new canal to Lauderdale on the east coast; from Miami up the east coast to Titusville, St. Augustine and Jacksonville again, and making various trips among the interior towns, such as Kissimmee, Sandford, Pierson, Winter Garden and Gainesville, I have had a fair opportunity to study Florida from the rocky region about Miami, through the vast everglades, among the sand hills of the interior and along the sheltered shores of the west coast. I know Florida and her products pretty well, and I like the country so much that I would make my home there at once if possible, and surely expect to do so some day.

First Impressions Bad

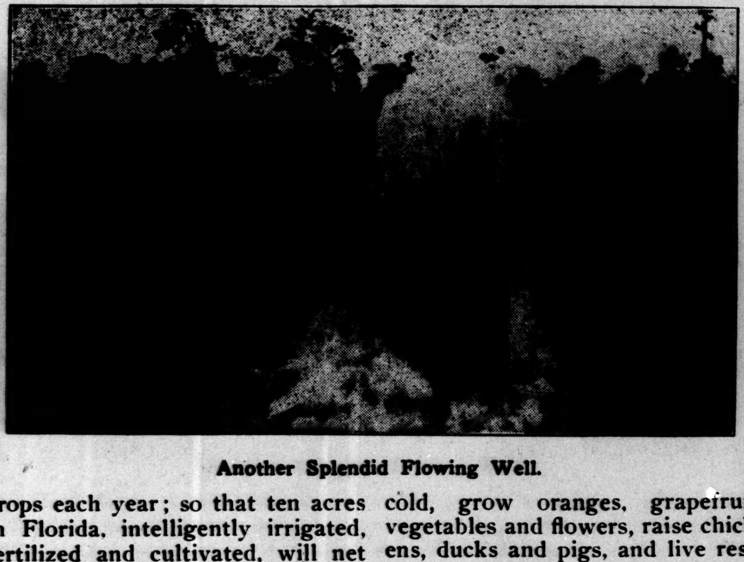
To one visiting Florida for the first time a feeling of deep disappointment is inevitable for a few days or weeks. No mountains, no hills worth mentioning, no wildwood flowers during most of the year, no wild meadow grasses—only approximately level, grassless, flowerless sand. Tall, weird pine trees, so different from the thickly limbed and foliaged trees of the North, with their tall trunks utterly bare till the extreme top fronds into meagre limb and leaf, giving the country a foreign semi-tropical appearance; here and there a stately, symmetrical palmetto, and yonder a great "live" oak; but everywhere the lazy saw palmetto fronds covering the ground like coarse weeds, and everywhere sand, sand, sand. Florida is only a drift of sand above volcanic rocks that have been rising slowly for the last few million years. It certainly does not furnish the picture of grassy woods, beauteous meadows and black fertile soil that many a Northern state affords. As there is very little rain in Florida except during midsummer, the grass and flowers have no chance to grow.

Only a few years ago, recognizing the vast difference between Florida and their home states, Northern visitors were wont to say: **"Florida has nothing but climate—but, oh, what a heavenly climate."** And they came for the climate only (and the fishing and hunting) during the winter season, until they began to notice the products of Florida—then they came to buy Florida land for speculation, knowing well that when the landless people and the middle classes of the North once learned the truth about Florida there would be a deluge of homeseekers. And now rich men and women, both North and South, have bought land in lots of 10,000, 100,000 and 500,000 acres, and a Holland syndicate is bidding $8,000,000 for 1,000,000 acres of land yet wholly under water!

Home of Capt. A. P. Dickman, Overlooking Ruskin Inlet—Flowing Water Upstairs. Cost $3,500.00.

Splendid Future Prospects

Florida is destined to be not only the "playground" but the "winter garden" of America. It not only has an ideal climate; but, tapped by the steel wand of a deep driven drill, copious streams of water burst high above the sands to make them fertile and fresh; and, with a reasonable amount of fertilizer, the sand becomes real soil and produces from three to four valuable crops each year; so that ten acres in Florida, intelligently irrigated, fertilized and cultivated, will net the farmer more than a big farm will in the North where bleak winds blow six months of the year and the land lies idle while the people spend their money for fuel and clothes and yet shiver with the cold. And five acres will afford room for home, gardens and orange trees enough to keep a family well if it is intelligently managed. Ten acres is better, affording opportunity for a larger fruit grove.



Another Splendid Flowing Well.

I have seen the cocoanuts, pineapples, oranges and grapefruit growing on the rocky east coast; I have seen the bananas, oranges and endless variety of vegetables growing richly by the banks of Lake Okeechobee and on the lower everglade farms; I have seen the citrus fruit groves and gardens of the interior sand hills and along the beautiful inland lakes and rivers; I have seen the fruits and vegetables and flowers of the west coast, and everywhere I have talked with "Native" and with "Northerner" and, all things considered, I do not believe any Southern state has the future that Florida has. **The matchless climate, the inexhaustible flowing wells, the abundant crops of vegetables and fruits and the exhaustless supplies of fish altogether insure the permanent progress and prosperity of the country.**

The Situation at Ruskin

Merely to escape the Northern cold, grow oranges, grapefruit, vegetables and flowers, raise chickens, ducks and pigs, and live restfully with less work and worry than in the North, hundreds of locations in Florida could be heartily recommended. **But I like Ruskin best of all for several reasons.**

1. It is far enough south (20 miles below Tampa) and so sheltered from cold winds by Tampa Bay and the Gulf of Mexico that there is practically no danger to fruit or vegetables from frost.

2. Florida juts down into salt water, the Atlantic ocean on one side and the great Gulf on the other, with the cooling, healthful Trade Winds perpetually blowing over, so that it is cooler than any other Southern state. The interior of Florida, however, is naturally warmer than the coasts, and as Ruskin is on Tampa Bay I am told that the heat does not greatly annoy. The maximum temperature is much cooler than that of Chicago or any inland Northern city. Men from New England, Illinois and California who have lived in Florida for many years told me that, summer and winter, Florida is the most pleasant country in which to dwell. The enthusiasm of men from other states who have spent years in Florida and who "have no axe to grind" is one of the most convincing facts down there. I have never been in Floriday during the summer, but these disinterested men must have sufficient reasons for their preference.

3. Ruskin, being on salt water with a thirty-inch tide, yet so sheltered by the island chain at the entrance to Tampa Bay that heavy tide waves are never liable to trouble, is exceptionally healthful. The Little Manatee river, owing to the tide a splendid salty stream nearly a half mile wide, and Ruskin Inlet, widened by tidal erosion, insure sanitary air and excellent drainage.

Exhaustless Flowing Wells

4. The artesian wells, which redeem much of Florida from being a mere sandy waste, are superb at Ruskin, rising to the height of twenty-two feet there, being not only ample for irrigation but enabling one to have running water in his house upstairs and down. The Ruskin wells rise higher than those anywhere else in Florida that I know of; and it seems a little odd and very pleasant to find running water upstairs and all the conveniences of bath and toilet in country houses where there is no "city water plants"—and where water never never freezes in the pipes!

5. Though a quiet, isolated, restful settlement, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," Ruskin is but twenty miles from Tampa by water and nineteen miles by rail. Tampa, a city of more than 60,000 souls, is the largest town in Florida, and destined to be far greater yet. The boats ply between Ruskin and Tampa every day; soon the railroad will be finished connecting them, and if one wearies of the quiet of the village, Tampa, with its magnificent hotels, mansions, department stores, theaters and splendid churches, is but two or three hours away beyond the safe dancing blue waters of the landlocked bay. **And the chief advantage of Ruskin's nearness to Tampa is the market.**

As a local market and a wholesale shipping point, Tampa makes Ruskin's future secure.

College Advantages

6. Ruskin College bulks largest in the thought of those who have children to educate, or who desire for themselves a mentally stimulating, musical, artistic and progressive environment. **Without the college, without the matchless flowing wells, and without nearness to Tampa, Ruskin would be no better location for a home or farm than a hundred other Florida sites—but these three tremendous advantages clinch the argument for Ruskin so far as I am concerned.**

Social Life and Recreation

7. The advantages of social life and recreation at Ruskin are exceptional. The people are gathered from many states of America and from Australia, England and other distant lands. They are wide-awake, intelligent, radical. They have revolted against capitalist conditions, especially in the city, and have come to Ruskin as a refuge and resting place. Yet their minds are active and they throw a glow of thoughtfulness over the industrial life of the settlement. Nearly three hundred people of "all sorts and conditions" are there now.

Here comes a man, bare-headed, bare-footed, his face freckled, his bare arms brown, clad in a common checked shirt open to let the cooling air strike his hairy, sunburned breast, with coarse overalls splattered with drying mud—permit me to introduce Mr. Buckley, the genius who drills the wells at Ruskin. He was one of the leading violins in a great London orchestra and has played before crowned heads and traveled much. He is here to escape the poltroonery, servility, graft and rottenness of "the best society." And tomorrow night he will play the violin at the college entertainment until tears fill your eyes and your soul is awed with the unutterable joys, griefs, mystery and hope that the masterful music brings. He says Ruskin meets his need, with its quietness, its glorious climate and its intellectual charm, and that he is there to stay.

There in the lettuce patch, digging in the sand, is a mild-mannered, dreamy man, whose friendly smile and spiritual eyes win your heart at once. Let me make you acquainted with Prof. Edwards, known the nation over as a musical critic and associate editor of the Boston Musician. The most difficult music at first sight flows meltingly from his violin and he could be playing in a great orchestra up North or getting big prices per hour for teaching rich mediocres and a few talented, middle-class folk; but he prefers to dig in the sands of Ruskin, with the golden sunshine and congenial souls around him, and teach music, art-crafts, etc., for a mere song. And on Sunday night, when the people gather at the college chapel, his violin will speak to you so sweetly, so weirdly, so powerfully, so meltingly, that you will forget earth and all its woes and struggles and float with him in a glorious dream of eternal truth, love and joy.

That young lady superintending the college kitchen and dining room, whose arms are often wet with dishwater, whose graceful form, deep clear eyes and complexion of daintiest pink and white would grace any occasion or place, is also gracious and beautiful of mind and soul; a graduate of Ruskin College and of the Boston School of Expression, where she won high honors, Miss Aurora Miller gives joy and pride to Ruskin people by her very presence. But her life means labor. She not only teaches cooking and housekeeping, but also literature, dramatics, vocal music and physical culture. She leads the singing, renders solos, trains the youth and adults for their public appearances in song, declamation and drama, and makes life richer, gladder and more beautiful for all who know her.

Cabbage Heads at Ruskin.

And when you attend a musical, literary, or religious meeting at the college there is always one whose presence is necessary, yet whose modesty makes her presence unknown until her services are needed. Miss Georgadda Miller is a genius at the piano. Both Edwards and Buckley, whose highly expert opinion carries much weight, declare that she is one of the very best accompanists they ever knew. And she is a charming girl besides.

These four talented people named above create a musical and literary atmosphere at Ruskin for which one would have to search long to find the equal. But they are not the foundation.

Time fails me to write at length of the learned and beloved Dr. Miller, whose genius, scholarship, courage and persistence made the college and settlement possible; of calm, cultured, careful, indefatigable Mrs. Miller, who is matron in general, teacher and acting president of the college on account of President Miller's much absence, and of the other able teachers, the enthusiastic students, and the interested people, who make the college and its frequent lectures and recitals a general social clearing house. **Thus Ruskin proves pre-eminently pleasant as a social center, and those who enjoy the best in lectures, music, literary meetings, Bible study or social fellowship will find great joy and comfort there.** Of course the village is small, the country undeveloped, and the externals yet crude, but **the soul of Ruskin is beautiful, attractive and inspiring.**

As for sports, it is an ideal place for tennis, baseball, hunting, fishing, rowing, swimming and for excursions by water to the interior wildernesses or to neighboring cities.

All told, it is an excellent place in which to live quietly, restfully, healthfully, pleasantly, and in which to rear a family cheaply with high class school privileges and ideals at hand.

But Can one Make a Living There?

A pertinent question which concerns every one who is interested, unless he be rich. And the answer is, **Yes, if you are willing to work half as hard as you have to in the North.**

There are three kinds of sandy soil interspersed throughout the thirty thousand acres of the Ruskin and Morris Park settlements. White sand, which needs the most fertilizing; yellow sand, which is supposed to be the best for oranges, and brown, or "salt-and-pepper" sand, which is best for truck gardening. **Plenty of water and fertilizer will make any of these soils produce three or four profitable crops each year, and, if one plants oranges, grapefruit, or other semi-tropical fruits, a few years' growth will insure a good living with little labor for many years.**

"Seeing is believing," and any one who states that a good living cannot be made on a few acres of land in Florida with less labor than is required in the North either does not know what he is talking about or has some other motive than to speak the truth. I have seen the fruit groves and vegetable gardens nearly all over Florida and **I know that a reasonable amount of water, fertilizer and labor will produce plenty, with a more pleasant and leisurely life than is possible in the North. And the net profits are greater.**

Of course deep black muck, in the same latitude will produce more than sand; but there are only a few muck patches of large extent in Florida, outside of the Everglades, which are not yet habitable for men with families, and even the muck must be "sweetened" and fertilized to supply missing elements before satisfactory crops may be produced.

I have seen the lettuce, cabbage, celery, onions, radishes, etc., growing on Ruskin land. I have heard the hens cackling their own praise, which I echoed when the fresh laid eggs were served. I have heard from the people their satisfaction in the place. I am told that the first carload of cucumbers ever shipped from Tampa all came from Ruskin, mostly off one small patch. Ruskin has not been settled long enough for orange trees to bear, but I have seen the orange grove immediately adjoining Ruskin village—**on white sand, too**—which supports the owner, and she herself told me (my eyes beholding many signs of her truthfulness) that the grove had neither been cultivated, pruned, nor fertilized for many years. I saw the beautiful oranges thick on the trees. I ate their luscious pulp and sucked their delicious juice. I have sampled the fresh cooked fruit and the jam and jelly of the Jamaica Sorrel or "Roselle," as they call it, and the Guava. I have seen the lovely mid-winter roses blooming outside. And I say that **the able bodied adult who can not make a living at Ruskin lacks either intelligence or industry.** Of course those who expect the land to irrigate itself and fruits and vegetables to spring up spontaneously will be disappointed. **Ruskin is no paradise for idlers or would-be parasites.** Some who went there hoping to graft their livelihood from others have gone away sore; and some people, too old or infirm to work and too poor to live on their income, have been disappointed. **People must not expect too much of any country. But those who are willing to work reasonably, and time, fertilize, water and cultivate their crops according to the advice of successful settlers will find a haven of comparative rest and peace at Ruskin or Morris Park.**

Marketing Produce

The problem of marketing fruits and vegetables has been serious for the small farmer in Florida, but conditions in this regard are becoming better all the time. The Citrus Fruit Growers' Association, which all fruit growers are urged to join, has pretty well mastered the fruit market, and the vegetable market improves steadily. **The proximity of Ruskin to Tampa gives her people a very great advantage as to the market for fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs, chickens, pigs, etc.**

Investigate for Yourself

Remember that we refused to advertise Ruskin land until we had personally investigated it. However, **I think every prospective land buyer should investigate for himself.** You might not appreciate Ruskin, or Florida in general, as I do. **Some of my dearest friends have bought Ruskin land on my recommendation, but I very much wish they could have visited Ruskin for a few weeks or longer before buying.** A few days is not enough, for the sandy soil and absence of grass is apt to appall a Northerner [illegible] he understands the real [illegible]. **You might as well not go at all as to spend only a few hours or a day there. Investigate as thoroughly as possible.**

Every new country has its disadvantages and trials, as did our great Western plains; but those who had the foresight and courage to go there and stay are now owners of the land in rich and mighty commonwealths and living in leisure off the products of their earlier labor. The sure future of Florida would tempt any sane man to sacrifice and struggle a little now to gain a foothold there.

This article is written as an advertisement, nevertheless it expresses my honest convictions.

E. E. CARR.

For further information address MILLER-DICKMAN, RUSKIN, FLA.

And do not fail to mention the **Christian Socialist.**

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